

The TRUE LOVERS Joy:

Or, A Dialogue between a Seaman and his Love.



Maid.

HARK *Charon*, come away,
bring forth thy Boat and Oars,
And carry me, poor harmless Maid,
unto the *Elizium* Shores.

Charon.

Who *Charon* calls in haste?
whilst I sit here in Pain:
I carry none but pure and chaste,
such as true Love hath slain.

I come, dear Soul, I come,
thy Face doth so incharm me,
Come in my Boat, and take thy room,
no Wind nor Wave shall harm thee.

Maid.

Now I am come in thy Boat,
I am a Maid undone;
Sighing, my Heart is almost broke,
for my Love he is from me gone.

Thus as I pass the Shades,
I'll tell you a mournful Tale,



So full of Sighs as we do pass,
shall serve us for a Gale.

And to beguile the Time,
I'll sing a True Lover's Song;
Mine Eyes shall flow a Sea of Tears
to carry the Boat along.

Oh! What's become of those hard Hearts
of a Virgin takes no pity?
They're sailing to *Virginia* Parts,
where *Neptune* hath built a City.

Oh! *Cupid* he hath wounded me,
and hath pierc'd my tender Heart,
To call for One whom I lov'd so dear,
who cares but little for't.

Thus in the Shades below
we'll waste the tedious Hours,
No Gust of Wind, but Sighs shall blow
the Boat, with *Charon's* Oars.



His ANSWER.

STAY gentle *Charon*, stay,
and let thy Boat alone;
Row not the harmless Maid away,
that sits and makes her Moan.

For she that calls so fast,
and sighs so at thy Stay,
A Virgin is as pure and chaste
as e'er true Love did stay.

She's no dear Soul for thee,
let not her Face incharm thee,
Though Room within thy Boat there be,
her Beauty there may harm thee.

Oh! Fair One, if you go,
I'm more undone than you;
My Heart doth equal Sorrow know,
and still my Love is true.

The Shades you must not pass,
nor mournful Stories tell;
Instead of fighting Gales, alas!
a Kiss will do as well.

You'd better stay on Shore,
and sing us a true Lover's Song;
It is enough, we need no more
to carry his Boat along.

No Heart so hard I know,
but would gladly ease your Pain,
Else let him to *Virginia* go,
and ne'er return again.

If *Cupid* hath wounded you,
he hath wounded me before;
If you love, as you say you do,
I love you as much, or more.

In Beds of softest Down
we'll spend the short-liv'd Nights,
No Gust of Wind, or Sigh shall drown
the Current of our Delights.

Maid.

Come gentle *Charon*, come,
and me to Shore remove,
The Wind despairing, slight did blow
to waft me unto my Love.

How slow the Boatman steers,
if he no faster ply,
My Love to rid me of my Fears,
shall lend me his Wings to fly.

To thee, dear Love, I float,
finding thee just and true,
And bid to *Charon* and his Boat
eternally adieu.

Make haste, make haste, my Dear,
for if thou longer stay,
Through the Floods without all Fears,
my Arms shall make their Way.

Welcome my Love, to shore,
I'll keep thee from all harms,
And thou shalt ride for Evermore
at Anchor in my Arms.